

A
H Y M N
TO THE
L I G H T
OF THE
W O R L D.
WITH
A Short DESCRIPTION of the
A R T O N S
OF
R A P H A E L U R B I N,
In the G A L L E R Y
A T
H A M P T O N - C O U R T.

L O N D O N,

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A
H Y M N
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L I G H T
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W O R L D.

HAIL radiant Off-spring, Emanation bright!

Pure Effluent Splendor of Eternal Light!

Substantial Beam, not of Created Race,

Th' Effulgent Image of the Father's Face,

Who of the Blissful Persons hast the Second place.

Immortal Life and Love in Thee,

And the full Glory of the God-head dwell,

O Co-eternal Majesty!

O Source of Goodness Inexhaustible!

Thy Residence is in Etherial Light,

In Lines of Glory of stupendous height,

Whose Rays conceal Thee from approach or sight.

Here didst Thou dwell

In Lustre Inaccessible,

E'er yet Creation was employ'd

To work her Wonders in the wasteful Void:

E'er her Incurſions ſhe begun,
 The ſpacious Realms of Night to over-run;
 Or to ſecure the Conquer'd Ground
 Had thrown up Frontier Worlds, and fenc'd her Empire round.
 E'er Nature from Creation ſprung,
 E'er the vaſt Orbs above in Order hung,
 Or tuneful Spheres eſſay'd to roll along:
 E'er Time begun his Wings to try,
 Or Days and Years, his active Progeny,
 Their own unweary'd Breath and Swiftneſs knew,
 Or in ſucceſſive Circles flew:
 E'er the young Mountains were brought forth,
 Or Rocks had Roots, or Hills had Birth,
 Thou didſt Inhabit boundleſs Light,
 A Dwelling like thy ſelf, beyond Expreſſion bright.

But when unſearchable, Creating Power,
 From the wild Void had rais'd the hidden Oar,
 And Seeds of Things, by ways ineffable,
 And form'd the Deep where Strife and Uproar dwell;
 Where fighting Atomes endleſs War ſuſtain,
 And by alternate Fate ſubmit and reign;
 Nature's dark Magazine, and wealthy Hoard
 For unform'd future Worlds with crude Materials ſtor'd:
 Projected from thy Face, a Vital Ray
 Thro' Chaos made its radiant way,
 And drew the tender Lines of dawning Day.
 Thy ſmiling Off-ſpring, New-born Light,
 Freed from the gloomy Chains of Night,
 Does from the dusky Deep ariſe,
 And ſpread its ſhining Wings ambitious of the Skies:



The grey Expansion hovers in the Air,
 To which new Beams, from Chaos loos'd, repair.
 Thro' all the Space the bright Infection goes,
 And chasing ancient Shade away,
 Does all young Nature's Charms disclose,
 And propagate the ripening Day.

These pure Emissions of Thy Glorious Face
 To Heav'n return, their Native Place:
 Reflected back to Thee they wing their Flight,
 Ocean, Immense of Independent Light!

To Thee their Beams the Constellations owe,
 Thou on the Stars their Beauty didst bestow:

They and the Milky *Galaxy*
 Shine by the Rays deriv'd from Thee:

The Magazines on high that hold
 Thy Stores of this *Ethereal liquid Gold*,
 Freely th' expensive Sun supply,
 And feed his boundless Prodigality.

The vast amazing Sums
 Of Light which daily he consumes,
 Thy Treasures whence they flow can never waste,
 Treasures, that like thy self, for ever last!
 Should'st Thou the Fountain stop Thy glorious Streams,
 The sick'ning Sun, defrauded of his Beams,
 Would with his dusky Orb the World affright,
 And yield his Empire to prevailing Night.

Thus the precarious needy Sun
 Depends on Thee, more than on him the Moon.

Are not the high Seraphic States,
 And great Celestial Potentates,

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with Crowns beyond Expression bright,
 And long depending Robes of spotless Light,
 Of thicken'd Rays and labour'd Glory wrought,

From thy Immortal Wardrobe brought?

These Seraphims who thy blest Throne surround,
 And spread with prostrate Throngs the Heav'nly Ground;

These Eldest Stars, Sons of the Morn,

Who sing Thy Praises, and Thy Court adorn,

With Intercepted Brightness shine

Emitted from thy Plenitude Divine.

On Thee they gaze, and with their eager Eyes

Imbibe unutterable Joys:

So long they feed their ravish'd Sight

With Beatific Luxury of Light,

They view Thy radiant Face so long,

They feel their Tides of Pleasure run too strong;

And with unequal Happiness contend.

Panting in Glory, and with Bliss oppress'd.

Thy Beams irradiate every Mind,

Blest Seraphims above and Men below,

Who Truth by painful Reas'ning find,

Or like Thy self, by Intuition know:

Who step by step to Wisdom's Height advance,

Or know by simple Vision, and a single Glance;

These have from Thee their piercing Sight,

O ever-during Spring of Intellectual Light!

Arch-Angels of superior Race,

Who to thy Throne possess the nearest place,

In more illustrious Robes of Glory drest,

By richer Crowns distinguish'd from the rest,

To Thee the Fountain owe the purer Rays
Which their inlighten'd Minds to such high Knowledge raise:

Thy powerful Breath first quicken'd *Adam's* Frame,
Blew up and kindled there the vital Flame,
And animated Clay a living Thing became.

Then the warm Blood did from its Goal, the Heart,
To run its purple Ring with vigor start:
Then Infant Life began to play,
To bound and leap along th' Arterial Way;
And carry'd on the circling Tide,
Did thro' its winding Labyrinths and veiny Mazes glide.

The moving Mould began
To breath, and speak, and act the Man:
His Noble Mind Thou form'dst of Light refin'd,
A Thinking Substance of Celestial Kind:
A fair and undecaying Flame,
Pure, like th' Eternal Fountain whence it came:

Which, stamp'd with Thy blest Image, shone
Bright as the Seraphs who adorn Thy Throne.
Thou bad'st the Heav'nly Guest in Flesh abide;
By Skill Divine the Knot of Life was ty'd.
Thus half Immortal, and half Mortal, He,
To Angels and to Brutes ally'd,
A true *Æquator* is design'd by Thee,
In halves the whole Creation to divide.

When with mysterious Links the Heav'n-born Mind
Was first with Dust in vital Union join'd,
Thy Off-spring was all pure and bright,
A spotless Ray of self-existent Light:

Of Thy full Glory an Illustrious Beam,
 A clear and uncorrupted Stream,
 Deriv'd from Thee, th'immense Abyſs
 Of Life and Love and endless Blifs.

This unpolluted happy Mind,
 In Conſort with Immortal Seraphs join'd,
 With due Devotion did its God adore,
 Enjoy'd his Goodneſs and rever'd his Power.

Then Man his Glorious Maker knew,
 Which 'tis Eternal Life to do.
 His Breſt was fill'd with Heav'nly Joy and Love
 Calm and ſerene, as the bleſt Seats above.
 He neither Sin nor Suff'ring underſtood,
 Compleatly Bleſt, becauſe compleatly Good.

For Guilt and Ruin are the ſame,
 And Blifs and Goodneſs differ but in name.

But when the great Apoſtate's Art
 Seduc'd the wav'ring Creature's Heart,
 Man from his happy Region fell
 To the deſtructive Gulph of Death and Hell.

Now Guilt's infernal Gloom, and horrid Night
 O'erwhelm his Intellectual Sight,
 And Clouds with Vengeance ſtor'd his trembling Soul affright.
 Darkneſs like that in Central Caves beneath,
 Like that which ſpreads the loneſome Walks of Death,
 Where never Ray one Inroad made,

The Rebel's Mind did ſuddainly invade.
 The Light that he enjoy'd, abus'd withdrew,
 And back to Heav'n, its Parent, flew.

His Breſt of this Celeſtial Guest bereft,
 Became a Den of ſalvage Paſſions, left

Without a Keeper, loose and unconfin'd,
Which now no Guide directs, no Precepts bind.

Whilst on the Earth such Darkness dwells,
Malicious Fiends forsake their hateful Cells,
And like fierce Wolves or roaring Lions stray,
Hunt and devour by Night their Prey.

These Tyrants, as their Empire, did possess
This dark and dreadful Wilderness:
These pathless horrid Regions grown
In Guilt and Blackness like their own.

If from the Earth the Sun conceal'd his Face,
What Terrors would invade this dismal Place?
Nature and Order would be soon depos'd,
And all their Subjects from Obedience loos'd,
Soon their first Monarch, Chaos, wou'd restore,
And prove the wild Supporters of his Power.
His blind Adherents, Mis-rule, Uproar, Chance,
To their old Sov'raign's Aid would soon advance
All his distracted Ministers would come,
And their high Places in his Court resume.

Since Sin did first Admission find,
This is the fatal State of Human Kind:
Passions Subjection to their Guide disown,
Insult their Sov'raign, and subvert his Throne.
In Reason's place capricious Fancy reigns,
And thy wild Empire, Anarchy, sustains.
Hostile Desires wage War in ev'ry Breast,
By turns victorious, and by turns suppress.
Which e'er prevails, the Suffering is the same,
A Tyrant 'tis, tho' with a milder Name.

All that unhappy Man can hope to gain,
Is various servitude, and endless change of Pain.

Thou, Kind Redeemer, toucht to see
So sad a Sight, such moving Misery,
Didst soon determine to dispel
These Shades of Death, and Gloom of Hell :
And to revisit with Thy Heav'nly Light
Lost Man, bewilder'd in Infernal Night.
Early Thou mad'st thy blest Essay,
And here and there didst dart a Ray,
Preluding to maturer future Day.
To *Abraham* and his chosen Race
Thou first reveal'dst the Beauties of thy Face.
O *Jacob* ! soon did thy bright Star,
Celestial Light's fair Harbinger,
The radiant Introducer of the morn,
Smile in the East, and promise Day's return.
Then were the shining Strokes and Out-lines drawn,
Then did the Day of blest Redemption dawn.
The Fav'rite Nation was reviv'd with Light,
When others lay o'erwhelm'd with Night :
Had scarce a Streak, or glimm'ring Ray,
Thro' the dark Maze of Life to guide their doubtful way.
Only some happy Men who dwelt
Upon the Confines of thy People, felt
A Skirt of this Resplendent Show'r,
Which Thou on this peculiar Race didst pour.
At various Seasons and in sundry Ways
Thou didst dispence thy Heav'nly Rays.

Sometimes

Sometimes the Form of Man Thou didst assume,
Assuring Thy Incarnate State to come.

Thou who didst sit enthron'd on high,
Above the Convex of the outmost Sky,
Whose Robes of Glory spread abroad
Fill'd all the spacious Heav'ns, Thy blest Abode;
Thou didst forsake Thy Blissful Place,

To honour with Thy Presence *Adam's* Race.

From Thy sublime Immortal Throne

To *Abraham's* Tent on *Mamre's* Plain,

In Human Shape thou cam'st in private down,
Attended but with two of all Thy Heav'nly Train:

Thou didst converse, O condescending Grace!

With this blest Patriarch Face to Face.

To him, as to a Friend, Thou didst disclose
Thy secret Thoughts, and Thy Designs propose.

When pious *Jacob* by Divine Command

Return'd from *Laban* to his Native Land,

Thou met'st the Patriarch on the Road;
Who wrestled with, and overcame his God.

Crown'd with so great a Victory

Well might he *Esau's* Force despise;

In vain the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell assail

The conqu'ring Saint, that does o'er Heav'n prevail.

Often did humble *Moses* see

The bright Eruptions of Thy Majesty:

Before that happy Fav'rite's Face

Thou mad'st Thy glorious Goodness pass,

In *Sinai's* Mount he staid with Thee alone,

Till with Thy dazling Light his Face infected shone.

When *Josbua* first the Land survey'd,
 Where *Jericho's* proud Kings the Scepter sway'd,
 Thou Warrior-like didst in his Passage stand,
 The Sword uplifted in Thy threat'ning Hand.
 And didst Thy self the ready Chief declare
 To lead Thy People to successful War.

The Pious Gen'ral with due Rev'rence strook,
 And conscious of the sacred Place,
 Off from his Feet his Sandalls took,
 And worshipt Thee, fall'n prostrate on his Face:
 Tho' not the highest Angel of the Lord
 Did e'er consent to be by Man ador'd.

Sometimes without a Shape, in Glory clad,
 Or wrapt in Robes of awful Darkness made,
 Thou didst from Thy Empyrean Seat
 To these low Regions here descend.

But Thou didst chiefly with the Mind converse,
 And to Thy Prophets inwardly rehearse

Thy Purpose, and Thy sacred Will;
 And didst with Light their Understandings fill.
 From Time to Time Thou didst those Prophets raise,
 To guide Thy People, and correct their Ways.

Still some kind Ray Thou didst dispence
 To cherish Thy Inheritance.

Thou on their Minds didst in a Pillar stay
 Of Heav'nly Light, to lead the way

Thro' this pathless Wilderness,
 To mystic *Canaan's* Realms of endless Peace and Bliss.

Thus Thy Etherial Beams Thou didst display,
 The Pledge and Preface of ensuing Day,

Which

Which by degrees o'er-spread the East;
 And, as Thy Rays advanc'd, encreast:
 'Till rolling Years had all the Stages run
 Set by Divine Decree, e'er Measure first begun:

And now the fullness of the Time was come

For Thee our Nature to assume.

Then Thou, O Sun of Righteousness, didst rise,
 Spreading Thy Beams thro' *Palestina's* Skies.

The Prophets, those illustrious Stars,
 Thy Envoys, Heralds, and bright Harbingers,
 And all the glitt'ring Beauties of the Morn

That did *Judea's* Heav'n adorn,

No longer now their Beams convey,
 Sunk in full Glory, and effac'd with Day.
 Thy gushing Floods of Light o'erpass'd the Mound
 And dark Enclosures, that did *Isr'el* bound,
 And overflow'd the *Pagan* Nations round.

Triumphant in its radiant Course,
 It did thro' thickest Shades its Passage force.
 It made curst Fiends from this Terrestrial Sear,
 And all the Horrors of the Night retreat.

As soon as Thy Auspicious Star
 Did to the Princes in the East appear,
 They left their Sun, and their remote Abode,
 A greater Luminary to adore,

Such as ne'er blest the World before,
 Incarnate Glory, and indeed a God.

Hail Prince of Peace! Hail blest embody'd Light!

The black uncomfortable Night

That did these wretched Seats molest,

By Thy victorious Beams is dispossess'd.

Her dusky Legions routed fly
 Before thy shining Forces thro' the Sky.
 To hide in Caves and Subterranean Cells,
 Where ancient Shade in Silence dwells,
 They haste away, and in despair
 Yeild up to conqu'ring Light the Empire of the Air.
 Blest Revolution! happy Hour!
 That did this long Expected Day restore:
 This glorious, this auspicious Day,
 That with its mild reviving Ray
 Cheers desponding Mortals Sight,
 And back again to Hell sends abdicated Night.

Blest be the Day, be blest the happy Morn,
 In which th' Eternal Infant-God was born.
 Let it in all the Pomp of Joy appear,
 And with its brighter Glory crown the Year.
 Ye swift-wing'd Sons of Time, for ever shew
 To this your Sov'raign Day the Revenence due.
 When this returns, halt for a while to gaze,
 And bless this Pride of Time, this Chief of Days.
 Mercy, Compassion, Pleasure, Peace,
 And Plenty in your brightest Dress,
 All your Celestial Charms display,
 And here your Annual Homage pay;
 For is not this your Restoration Day?
 When Weeks and Years, their circling Eddys done,
 Shall their appointed Course have run;
 When aged Time his Ebbing Streams shall see
 Sunk in the stagnant Gulph of vast Eternity,
 Let that blest Day escape the Fate
 Which on vulgar Time must wait:

Let it be rescu'd from the common Doom,
 And live to Ages still to come.
 Let it be sav'd, that did Salvation bring,
 And kept Apostate Man from perishing.
 When this blest Day returns, be calm the Air,
 Let the fair Morn her richest Purple wear:
 And let her spring from the dark Womb of Night
 Pure, as the smiling first-born Light.
 Let all her Heav'nly Roses spread the way
 Before this glorious, rising Day.
 Let it advance, as lovely and serene,
 As the blest Peace and Joy it brought to Men
 And let its Face appear so charming mild,
 That all the Earth may see, kind Heav'n is reconcil'd.
 In all his Glory let the Sun,
 From his Rooms of State sublime,
 As an eager Bridegroom run
 To wed this Day, the fairest Child of Time.
 Nor let the Sons of Art, in Planets wise,
 With long, far-seeing, Astrologic Eyes,
 Be able now to trace
 One Speck or Spot in all his splendid Face.
 Let no outrageous Winds the Seas molest,
 Let Storms, their Fury sooth'd, in Caverns rest.
 Let no black Cloud, no fullen Vapour rise,
 To trouble or pollute the Skies.
 Let not a Frown appear
 Upon one Brow, or on one Face a Tear.
 Let Grief this Day be silent, let Despair
 With no sad Accent vex the peaceful Air.

Let anxious Care not dare to sigh, nor Pain
Presume to groan, or Anguish to complain.

Let nothing but melodious Lays,
Triumphant Shouts, and Songs of Heav'nly Praise,
No Voice, but that of Joy, no other Sound
Ring thro' the Earth, and from the Skies rebound.

Let the succeeding Night approach in Peace,
Let not the Caves their stormy Guests release:

Only ye Zephirs now prepare
Your softest Breath to fan the Air.

Curle gliding Rivers with a Gentle Breeze,
With silken Wings pass rustling thro' the Trees.

And let no boisterous Blasts essay
To interrupt your inoffensive Play.
Let no unwholsome Vapours rise this Night,
No ill presaging Fires Mankind affright.

Let only harmless Meteors fly,
And shoot in Lambent Flames across the Sky.

Let not the nightly Raven croak,
Nor Owls forsake the hollow Oak;

Let no fantastic Horrors of the Air
The late benighted Trav'ler scare.

Let no wild Beast forsake his sullen Hold,
To fright the Shepherd and destroy his Fold.

In cavern'd Rocks let no Sea-Monsters yell,
Nor Fiends the Earth infest, but rage and howl in Hell.

Ye Constellations, with your clearest Light,
With your whole Store of Beams adorn this happy Night.

If any absent Star should not appear
This Night to grace the Hemisphere,

Cashier'd and broken from the Heav'nly Host,
Let it in Darkness sink, and be for ever lost.

Ye Seraphs, who, in Numbers numberless,
Did to the Sky's high, airy Frontier press,
And rang'd along its blue impending Brow,
That overlooks the rolling Worlds below,
Did stand and stoop with eager Eyes to see
This merciful, stupendous Mystery;

To see the blest Redeemer, God,
Take up in Flesh his Vital-Kind Abode,
Strike your Immortal Harps, and raise
Your Voices to exalt his Praise,
The ecchoing Spears with Sacred Anthems fill,
Sing lasting Peace on Earth, and sing to Man Good-will!

THE DAY OF ANANIA'S

THE

THE
CHARTONES
 OF
RAPHAEL URBIN,

In the Gallery at Hampton-Court.

S *TAT, Stranger, here, in this Apartment stand,
 And view the Wonders of great Raphael's Hand.
 His Skill does all the Sons of Art controul,
 They only Paint the Body, he the Soul.
 Such Admiration will thy Eyes possess,
 As none, but Raphael's Pencil can express.*

The Story of ANANIAS.

S *EE Peter there, who with his fatal Breath
 At once gave Sentence, and inflicted Death.
 Zeal and just Anger in his Eyes appear,
 His Forehead frowns, his Face has such an Air
 As Heav'n's provok'd Commissioner befits,
 And sternly on his Brow vindictive Justice fits.
 See Ananias there resigns his Breath;
 How Raphael lives in that Immortal Death!
 Down the Dissembler fell amidst the Crowd,
 As struck with Lightning from an opening Cloud,*

Or

Or deadly Damp, which Caves beneath prepare,
 Or suddain Blast of red malignant Air.
 Mark, how his Eyes resist invading Night,
 And labour to detain retreating Light.
 Swimming in Clouds they seek the doubtful Day,
 And sinking deep in Shades fast hold they lay
 On every glimm'ring Streak, and every broken Ray.
 His Mouth still seems to mutter in the Dust
 Some second Falsehood, to excuse the first.
 See, quiv'ring Motions in his Lips appear;
 But how you trust those lying Lips beware;
 For by the Painter's Art they still deceive,
 And are as false now Dead, as when Alive.

Observe th' Assembly round th' Apostles spread,
 They such Disturbance own, and so much Dread;
 Are all so scar'd, and such Amazement shew,
 Surpriz'd Spectators start, and are affrighted too.

The Story of ELYMAS the Sorcerer.

NExt to th' Apostle of the Gentiles turn,
 How do his Eyes with Indignation burn
 In his warm Cheeks, what angry Colours glow,
 What threat'ning Clouds sit gather'd on his Brow,
 Whilst the Magician with a curst Design
 Obstructs the Heav'nly Light and Truth Divine,
 Which Paul on Noble *Sergius* did display,
 To chase Infernal, Pagan Shades away,
 And o'er his Mind diffuse Celestial Day.
 See, to chastise audacious *Elymas*,
 Austerely looking on the Sorcerer's Face,

He does his Wonder-working Power assume,
 And strikes th' Impostor Blind, to strike him dumb.
 Strait Darkneſs on the Necromancer fell,
 Like that upon his Soul, or that in Hell.
 Scales made of thicken'd Miſts, and ſolid Shade,
 Repel the Beams, which his curſt Eyes invade.
 This ſable Armour blunts the keenest Ray,
 And ſtill unpierc'd reverberates the Day.
 The Sorcerer's Mien ſo juſtly is deſign'd,
 His Face conceal'd, his Limbs will ſhew him blind.
 With groping Hands to feel his Way he tries,
 For Hands and Feet are now his only Eyes.

There *Sergius* ſeiz'd with decent Wonder ſits,
 Such as a Great and Noble Mind befits.
 From the Magician's Blindneſs he receives
 His Intellectual Sight, and then believes.
 Thus from the Night that on the Sorcerer lies
 Celeſtial Light on *Sergius* does ariſe.
 So in Creation, when the Infant Light
 To try its golden Wings firſt took its flight,
 The gentle Beams that did around diſplay
 The tender Seeds and Rudiments of Day,
 Sprang ſmiling from the dark Chaotic Gloom,
 And broke from ancient Night's reluctant Womb.
 What Conſternation, what Exceſs of Fear,
 In all the Figures ſtanding round appear?
 Their Poſtures repreſent their juſt Surprize,
 They wonder with their Hands, their Lips, and Eyes.
 All marks of Admiration they diſplay,
 All are amaz'd, but in a different way.

*The Story of the Cripples at the Beautiful Gate of
the Temple.*

SEE, Stranger, there the famous Cripples wait
At the high Pillars of the Temple-Gate,
Hoping the Rich, who in that Holy Place,
Solicit Mercy, and Celestial Grace,
Who Alms Divine and Heav'nly Gifts receive,
Will in exchange some Temporal Succours give:
Yet to the craving, crippled Wretches, few
Express the Pity to their Sorrow due.
No Wight so very Beggarly and Poor
Did ever importune a Rich Man's Door:
Ne'er in a living Object wilt thou see
Such moving Want, such perfect Misery.
Pale Cheeks, sunk Eyes, and ghastly Meagreness,
Famine in all its woful State express.
Their Bones distorted from their Place begin
To start, and break the loathsome wither'd Skin.
How slack their Sinews are? their Limbs how lame?
How shatter'd all the breathing Engine's Frame?
Diseas'd, Decrepit, and with Hunger worn,
The Wretches make a Figure so forlorn,
That all Spectators must Compassion show
To such Distress, and undissembled Woe.

Soon as the great Apostles they descry'd,
Aloud for Alms the crawling Cripples cry'd.
With fruitless Accents they for Silver pray
To these blest Men, who had no more than they,

Yet they solicit with such earnest Cries,
 And on th' Apostles fix such eager Eyes,
 As if they firmly thought, but knew not why,
 That these kind Strangers wou'd their Wants supply.
 Which soon they did, not by bestowing Wealth,
 But a far dearer Blessing, perfect Health.
 The Strangers only speak the high Command,
 And the rejoycing Cripples rise and stand.

The Story of St. PETER's Draught of Fish.

SEE Peter kneeling at his Saviour's Feet,
 Whose mighty Word had fill'd the lab'ring Net.
 The wond'rous Piece with Admiration view:
 Did ever Face such just Confusion shew?
 Did Passions e'er in such Perfection reign,
 Where each for Conquest strives, but strives in vain?
 Devout Disturbance, Gratitude, and Love,
 A pious Medly, equal Wonder move.
 From trembling Joints his Spirits upward rise;
 And to express th' Apostle's vast Surprise,
 See his whole eager Soul collected in his Eyes.
 So much he seems alive in Limbs and Face,
 That all Spectators must this Judgment pass,
 That he has Voice, and certainly would speak,
 But that Amazement does his Utterance break.

Remark his Holy Rapture in his Mien,
 'Tis in each Vein, and in each Muscle seen.
 Were ever Hands, Compassion to implore,
 So tenderly Devout stretch'd out before?

If any Hands can Heav'n's rais'd Stroke arrest,
 And from his Arm th' Almighty's Thunder wrest,
 If any can invade the Seats of Bliss,
 With prosp'rous Violence, they're such as his.
 All will pronounce, who here attentive dwell,
 The Painter's Art another Miracle.

The Story of **St. PAUL and BARNABAS**
at **Lystra.**

HOW soon the various Many change their Mind!
 As Waves unstable, fickle as the Wind:
 Those they condemn'd as Impious just before,
 As Gods in Human Shape they now adore.
 So *Jesus* too was us'd, one Day the Sky
 Their loud Hosannahs fill, the next they cry
 Seize him, the vile Blasphemer crucifie.

They think th' Apostles *Mercury* and *Jove*,
 Arriv'd on Earth from their blest Seats above:
 To these suppos'd Celestial Strangers they
 Honours Divine, and Adoration pay.

Mark with Attention, how the zealous Throng,
 Inspir'd with wild Devotion, shove along
 Their Ox with flow'ry Superstition crown'd;
 You think they shout, and that you hear the Sound:
 To Slaughter they th' unwilling Beast convey,
 Less stupid, and more innocent than they.
 The brawny Priest does by the Victim stand,
 His fatal Ax uplifted in his Hand;

Observe the sleek and pamper'd Glutton, see
 His Skin ev'n shines with holy Luxury.
 See how th' Apostles, fir'd with Zeal Divine,
 Run in to stop th' Idolatrous Design.
 What strange Confusion, what a mighty dread
 Of undue Honours in their Looks are read?
 What great Disorder, how disturb'd an Air?
 What just Abhorrence do their Faces wear?
 Their Anger how unfeign'd? their Trouble how sincere?
 None Honour e'er pursu'd with greater zeal,
 Than these blest Men in shunning it reveal.
 So high their rapid tides of Passion rise,
 Such holy Fury flashes in their Eyes,
 They so detest the Barb'rous Crowd's intent,
 And show such Care their Purpose to prevent,
 That Lookers on have oft a doubtful strife,
 If 'tis the Picture, or the very Life.

One wou'd expect their Lips shou'd silence break,
 But if they can't, their Looks and Gestures speak.
 In which expressive Language they reveal
 What inwardly they think, as well as what they feel.
 If they had Voice, you would such Accents hear:
 Mistaken Men, your mad Design forbear;
 To us your Admiration is not due,
 We are but Men, poor worthless Men, like you.
 We can of no Divine Extraction boast,
 We are but breathing Clay, and mould'ring Dust;
 Weak Flesh and Blood like you, like yours our Frame
 Is Mortal, and our Passions are the same.
 The Power by which this Miracle was done
 We grant Divine, but know, 'tis not our own.

We give, blest *Jesus*, in thy powerful Name;
 Ease to the Sick, and Vigour to the Lame;
 The Worship you intend us we abhor,
 You must the God that made the World adore,
 Nature's great God that gave this more than Nature's Power;
 If we restore the Lame, and cure the Blind,
 'Tis to enlighten and confirm the Mind.
 Our mighty Works that thus your Wonder move,
 Show that we bring our Doctrine from above,
 And these Credentials our Commission prove.

St. PAUL Preaching.

THere does the human Seraph Preaching stand,
 Whose very Looks th' attentive Crowd command.
 Divine Perswasion with a Heav'nly Grace
 Sits on his Lips, and Pity on his Face,
 No Preacher's Eyes did e'er before reveal
 Such tender Love, mixt with such ardent Zeal.
 That Orator must surely be obry'd,
 Whose Mien is eloquent, whose Hands perswade.
 To say he speaks, Spectators, do not fear,
 For if you cannot, sure his People hear;
 Else how could ev'ry Face such pious Passions wear?
 With how much eagerness the list'ning Throng
 Gaze on his Eyes, and hang upon his Tongue?
 On them his Words like Heav'nly Lightning dart,
 They leave the Body sound, but melt the Heart.
 They to the Mind the Seeds of Light convey,
 Which glow a while, then kindle into Day.

Celestial Meekness with such Ardor join'd,
 Mild Gravity with so much Fire combin'd,
 The most reluctant Passions must controul,
 Pierce through the Heart, and touch the inmost Soul.
 The Preacher with resistless Eloquence
 Does, as the Sun from his bright Orb, dispence
 O'erflowing Streams of pure Etherial Light,
 That chafes far away Infernal Night.
 Paul shews such great Concern, such sacred Awe,
 As if the Heav'nly Majesty he saw,
 By whose supream Commission he was sent,
 To treat with Rebel Man, and bring him to repent.
 Only that Preacher can th' Affections touch,
 Who's so in earnest, and whose Zeal is such.
 'Tis plain that he his Hearers does inspire
 With his own Passion's propagated Fire.
 Thus the blest Charmer, with Seraphic Art,
 Divine Enchantment sends to ev'ry Heart.
 He with his own, does their Devotion raise,
 And to their Breasts his very Soul conveys.
 Then while with Sacred Flames their Bosoms glow,
 While their soft Hearts begin to melt and flow,
 He, to compleat his Masterly Design,
 On them imprints fair Images Divine.
 See how he triumphs with resistless Skill,
 How he instructs the Mind, commands the Will.
 His Breath, like Winds that on the Ocean blow,
 Moves all the waving Multitude below,
 And drives the Tide of Passion to and fro.
 This mighty Pow'r his Auditors confess,
 Who such Emotion in their Looks express.

Was more sincere Devotion ever known?

Did e'er the Soul such painted Passions own?

Were e'er her various Shapes to such advantage shown?

Th' Apostle's Words devout Desires produce,

And holy Ferments thro' their Breasts diffuse.

From Man to Man the blest Contagion flies,

They catch it at their Ears, and drink it at their Eyes.

Th' Obdurate Wretch with Thunder he invades,

And with the Terrors of the Lord perswades,

And as the Hardy Kind his Threats affright,

So his mild Arts the Traactable invite.

One there enlighten'd, and convinc'd of Sin,

Shews in his Eyes what Pangs he feels within.

Fierce Conscience binds him on her dreadful Rack,

And stretches all his Heart-strings till they crack.

By the Disturbance in his Face appears

What Pains he suffers, and what Wrath he fears.

He's so undone, so perfectly distress'd,

As melts with Pity each Spectator's Breast.

That Figure mind, how much it does relent?

With sadder Looks can any Face repent?

How just a Trouble, what a pious Grief,

Temper'd with hopes of Mercy and Relief?

His Eyes reveal his Wound and holy Fears,

And melted in their Orbits swim in Tears.

View the next Face, Spectator, thou wilt say

Confusion there does all its Pomp display.

Did ever Man so much himself abhor,

Detest and hate himself so much before?

How much that true inimitable Shame

And last Distress advance great Raphael's Fame?

Our Saviour and his Twelve Apostles

THERE in the blest, indulgent *Jesus* see
 How Heav'nly Sweetness strives with Majesty.
 Tho' in Perfection those are both design'd,
 Yet more conspicuous Passions there we find,
 Mercy in all her Charms, and Love to Human Kind.
 The Twelve Companions of his Labour stand
 Prest in a Throng, to wait their Lord's Command.

See holy *Peter*, on his bended Knees,
 From his great Master's Hand receives the Keys,
 That open wide high Heav'n's Immortal Gate
 To all pure Souls that for Admission wait:
 But lock it fast against the impious Train,
 Doom'd to the Seats of Death and endless Pain.
 Thus the Redeemer did the Saint invest
 With Pow'r Divine, but not above the rest,
 For all the Sacred Tribe, as well as he,
 Have Pow'r to bind, and set a Sinner free.
 Much less this Grant did Sov'raign Right convey,
 Obliging all th' Apostles to obey
 Their Monarch *Peter's* universal Sway
 But do not ask what *Raphaels* Notions were,
 His Judgment might, his Pencil cannot err.



F I N I S

